

Yellow Galoshes and Black Rain Boots by Carrera_os

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Summary:

Day Two April Showers

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Billy lets his eyes track down Steve's body landing on his feet before he is frowning again. "No, what the fuck do you got on your feet?" Steve usually wears preppy little sneakers or on occasion dress shoes, in the privacy of his home Billy has seen him in soft fluffy slippers but he has never seen the horrible bright yellow rubbery knee high things he is wearing right now.

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Author's Note:

Day Two April Showers from the HarringroveApril Prompts

Yellow Galoshes and Black Rain Boots

Billy is in the parking lot smoking under the dull gray cloud filled sky, frowning up at the storm clouds when they give a rumble. There is a chill in the air, Indiana is still annoyingly cold despite it already being April, it had snowed only a week ago and now this. Billy purses his lips and keeps on smoking, ignoring other students hurrying inside, it is not raining yet, it is fine.

He would deny it to any onlookers but he perks up as soon as a familiar Beamer pulls in nearby, Steve sliding out still looking half asleep the way he does most mornings. Billy is almost smiling, unable to contain it all when Steve spots him and shoots him a big goofy smile of his own. "Are you waiting for me?" Steve asks when he is close enough to not be overheard, grinning from ear to ear as he stops by Billy.

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"They're galoshes." Steve cocks his head, lips quirked up in a funny little smile clearly amused by Billy's obvious disgust. "It's April, the rains make it flood around here, you're going to be wishing you had some." Billy snorts in disbelief, shaking his head as he drops his cigarette to the ground and stomps it out.

“I find that hard to believe princess, not all of us are made of sugar and melt in the rain.” He says as he pushes off his car and into Steve’s space, slapping his books out of his hands as an excuse to get close, finger dragging down over Steve’s belly right before he makes contact with the texts.

Billy smirks as Steve’s face pinches up and he throws his hands up in the air with a “Come one man!” There is a flush to his cheeks, a little curve to his lips that belies him. Despite the shitty weather and the chill in the air as the wind starts howling, whipping around him and he narrowly misses taking a wet leaf to the face, Billy feels warm and pleased as he heads into the school.

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That warm feeling carries him until he takes a smoke break during second period, pretending he needs to pee so he can slip outside. The sky is nearly black as it storms, wind whipping, rain beating down, and even under the little awning by the door the ground is soaked. Billy shrieks as he steps down a few inches onto the cement, water sloshing at his boots and sliding in at the seams, through the holes soaking his socks all the way through under the tongue.

Billy grits his teeth, grumbling because Steve was right he does wish he had some rain boots now, not stupid yellow *galoshes* but something similar because his boots are going to be soaked all day. It does not stop Billy from lighting up, standing under the awning and smoking two cigarettes down to the filter until the wind shifts and the rain is suddenly sideways soaking all of him.

Billy ignores his teacher's questions when he stomps back into the classroom, dripping water everywhere, hair matted down and shivering in the cold air as the ac kicks on. He ignores Steve and his stupid amused smile, making it a point to stop by his desk and give a shake like a wet dog making Steve huff out a laugh as he and his books are sprinkled with water and the other students around him

give shrieks before Billy moves on, jacket squeaking as he slides into his chair.

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Billy struggles back into his cold wet jeans after practice, he probably should not have kept slipping outside to smoke throughout the day, maybe they would have been dry by now if he had just relented but he was too stubborn to give up something he likes just because the weather is shitty. Steve steps close as he comes out of the showers, most of their teammates already gone and those left distracted enough that Steve can step a little closer still. He is almost touching him, Billy can feel the heat of his body this close, wants to reach out and pull him flush. "Want to come over?"

"I'm soaked." Billy hisses, with a frown down at his shoes, he does not bother with his soaked socks as he slides his feet in flinching as they rub against the back of his heel where Billy is sure a blister is forming.

"Didn't say you had to keep your clothes on big guy, I'll help you warm up, take care of your feet while I'm at it. Walking around in wet shoes is a bad idea." Steve says, obviously catching Billy's flinch and part of him wants to protest that he is fine but he is not about to pass up an offer of naked time with Steve, that is his favorite way to spend an evening.

"Got to drop Max off at home, I'll be over after." Billy grunts out before snatching up his discarded towel and snapping it at Steve, who shrieks as it catches him across the nipple, a few of their classmates looking at them and laughing at their antics.

"You're such a dick!" He hisses hand tightening around his towel as Billy smirks at him, he knows Steve wants to do it back, pay Billy back in kind but he also knows from the flush of Steve's cheek that he is half hard under that towel. Billy just licks over his lips in a way

that never fails to catch Steve's eyes, watching his flush deepen, dipping down his neck to his chest before Steve scurries away with another grumbled "Asshole" that they both know he does not really mean.

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Billy darts up to the door when he gets to Steve's house, it does not matter the rain still soaks him as if he had been standing still, rewetting all of his clothes as he stomps through the lake that has formed in the Harrington driveway, pounding angrily on the door. Steve is all soft and warm looking as he opens the door in a matching sweater and sweats, the heat of both him and the house alluring as Billy pushes his way in wet hands finding Steve's hips as he kicks the door closed behind them.

"Hey hey, slowdown tiger, you're getting me all wet." Steve complains as Billy pushes him back against the wall, glaring when Steve's hands come up to keep him from sliding their bodies together. "You're so impatient, take your wet clothes off before you make a mess." Steve says, flicking him on the nose and laughing as Billy tries to snap his finger between his teeth.

"You're so fussy." Billy grumbles, as Steve slips from his hold and he struggles out of his clothes leaving them in a wet pile on the floor in the entryway that has Steve fussing anew as he grabs them.

"Whatever, got some dry clothes for you on the couch, get warmed up." Steve says holding Billy's wet clothes out away from his body as he moves quickly to avoid them dripping on the carpet as much as necessary. Billy follows him into the living room, the heat nice against his naked skin, a fire roaring in the big stone hearth as Steve lays his clothes out along it to help them dry, pinning his jacket and pants up on hooks along the side letting them drip down onto the warm stone beneath them.

Billy ignores the clothes set on the arm of the couch, settling with his legs spread wide on the couch, he is still a little cool though, his damp hair not letting him escape the chill just yet so he drags a blanket from the other side of the couch over his lap. "Why are you so difficult?" Steve asks with a shake of his head frowning at the damp patches Billy's hair is dripping onto the back of the couch.

Steve grabs a towel from under the little stack of clothes, ignoring them as they drop to the floor, focusing on Billy's damp hair. Billy catches Steve's waist when he is close enough, drags him down into his lap as Steve starts rubbing the towel through his locks. "You like how difficult I can be, makes you feel good taking care of me, getting me all soft and buttered up." Billy murmurs, kissing along Steve's neck and it is true Steve has a thing for taking care of him, fussing over him like some mother hen.

"Not like I don't take care of you too baby." Billy nips at Steve's jaw, hips pressing up against Steve's ass as he flushes.

"I didn't invite you over for that." Steve denies, Billy barking out a laugh and nipping at his neck, rutting up hard against Steve's ass, hand dropping down to cup a Steve's half hard dick. Steve gives a petulant little huff as he rolls his eyes as he admits "Well not just for that." before he covers Billy's face with the towel, using Billy's distraction as he grumbles and removes it to slip off his lap.

"Hey get back over here buttercup, I wasn't done." Billy thrusts his hips up, the tent in the blanket obvious as he waggles his eyebrows.

"Time for that later, told you I was going to take care of your feet, walking around in wet shoes all day isn't good for you." Steve is in front of the hearth again dragging a large basin over and tapping Billy's feet until he lifts them up out of the way. Steve taps them again and Billy lets his feet touch the smooth milk colored porcelain, surprised to find it not cold but warm from its time by the heat of the hearth.

“What’s all that for?” Billy asks with a frown as Steve dumps thick salt crystals and white powder over his feet before pouring some liquid in that makes Billy’s nose twitch, it is not unpleasant smelling, just unfamiliar.

“To soak your feet, they’ll feel better and it will help with the blisters and the swelling from them rubbing.” Steve says, making his way back to the hearth to grab a pitcher and slowly pours it into the basin, the water warm almost stinging at first and Billy does not realize how cold his feet still are until they start warming up. “Nice right?” Steve asks grinning up at him as he sets the pitcher aside dipping his hands into the water and Billy is moaning as Steve’s talented hands start rubbing at one of his sore feet.

“Fuck baby.” Billy groans practically melting into the couch as Steve’s fingers dig into the sole of his foot. “So fucking nice.” Billy murmurs out appraisingly before another groan is torn from him as Steve works a knot Billy did not even know he had. Billy is a lax half asleep puddle by the time Steve gets done with his other foot, moving the basin away and drying both of his feet off. He is warm and content as Steve drops a kiss against his knee and Billy sloppily drags him up off the ground into his lap again for an equally sloppy kiss.

“We’re going to take a nap and after I’m going to cook up that pork loin I set to marinate yesterday and then I’m going to take you the fuck apart.” Billy promises huskily, too tired and content to do anything about his half hard dick resting against Steve’s ass.

“That sounds perfect.” Steve says, smile soft and filling Billy with even more warmth as they drop to their sides and wiggle around until they are comfortably rested on the couch, the blanket making its way over both of them.

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“Where are my boots?” Billy asks the next morning before the sun is

even up, he has to make an appearance at breakfast if he wants to pretend like he came home last night.

“They’re still wet.” Steve says with a tired yawn, bare except the blanket wrapped around his shoulders like a cloak as he moves to the closet in the hall.

“Still need them, can’t go out shoeless in this weather.” Billy is not looking forward to putting them back on, definitely not to stepping in the little lake that currently is still taking up the Harrington driveway with them on.

“Come back for them later, you can use these.” Steve says holding up a pair of rain boots, they are not the same as Steve hideous yellow galoshes, sleek and stylish, expensive looking, black with little brown and cream stripes over them. “They’re technically my dad’s, you wear the same size shoe, but he’s never here and he doesn’t use them so you can just keep them.” Steve gives an awkward shrug, cheeks pink as he thrusts them to Billy whose face splits as he grabs them.

“Want me to wear these while I fuck you sweetheart, really play up that daddy kink you got going?” Billy asks, grinning wide as Steve’s flush depends and he tries to grab them back away but Billy dances away hopping around as he pulls them onto his feet, they are shorter than Steve’s boots only coming up to mid calf. “No take backs baby.”

“You are the absolute worst.” Steve huffs out annoyed as he gives Billy’s ass a swat before flopping on the couch ready to go back to sleep right there in the light of the dying fire instead of going up to his bed. “I hope you drown in the rain.” He grumbles with no heat.

“No you don’t you’d miss me terribly” Billy says laughing as he leans down and kisses Steve’s forehead.

“No, I wouldn’t, you would just hunt me.” Billy snorts against his skin

at Steve's half a sleep protest.

"Bet your pretty ass I would, see you at school." Billy says dropping one last kiss against Steve's hair and stealing his jacket on the way out, his own still hanging by the fire. It might be dry but Billy uses the excuse of not knowing to take Steve's, half of him hoping Steve will show up wearing his jacket later.

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Billy is smoking the hood of his borrowed jacket up and keeping his hair dry as he hides from the rain under an awning of a rarely used entryway watching the parking lot, toes warm and dry in the rain boots Steve had given him this morning. Pleased as can be when Steve shows up in his jacket somehow looking good even with those hideous yellow galoshes on. Steve dashes over no books on hand this time, no students lingering under the down pour, all of them too wrapped up in their own worlds to give him any attention as he makes a beeline for Billy.

"You stole my jacket." Steve huffs, moving in close as as he dares, Billy glances in and sees the bare hallway the door they are in front of leads to through the little cut out windows and drags Steve closer by the lapels.

"Couldn't be sure mine wasn't still wet." Billy glances again left and right before giving Steve a soft kiss that has him melting into Billy, their wet jackets squeaking a little as they press close the materials rubbing.

"Excuses." Steve always seems to know when Billy is full of shit, smiling against his chin before he looks down between them. "How are the boots, they fit okay?"

Billy wiggles his toes in them, still warm and dry even as the water

rises, warm at Steve always taking care of him. “Yeah they’re great, thank you.” Billy drags Steve into another kiss, more heated than the last reluctantly letting Steve break it when the bell rings.

“Shit I’m going to be late again.” Steve complains cursing as Billy catches him before he can run off, dragging him back against him, mouth against his ear.

“Meet me under the bleachers at lunch, I want to fuck you in my jacket and you’re stupid yellow boots, make you call me daddy, make you cum all over my boots.” Billy rasps, grinning as Steve shudders before turning and smacking his arm.

“Absolutely not, what you want to risk getting electrocuted just to get your dick wet.” He fusses squirming as he tries to adjust his hard dick so no one will see when he finally heads inside, Billy’s borrowed jacket keeping his own bulging jeans from sight.

“I’d risk more than that for a piece of you pretty boy,” Billy grins as Steve keeps trying to glare at him but it does not really work, a smile tugging at his lips and Billy knows he is charmed. “Meet me in the supply closet near your locker then, we’ll have to keep quiet but I can still make you cum all over these boots.” Billy says with a wink before turning, grinning evilly as he jumps in place making water splash over Steve. He is quick to run off before Steve can compose himself.

He has no doubts that Steve will meet him in the supply closet at lunch, even if it is just to yell at him for getting him soaked and not in the fun way. Billy knows he can convince Steve into what he wants with some soft worded apology he would never give anyone else, Billy only lets Steve see his softer side and after he will get Steve all hot and horny, make him forget all about the puddle incident as they make a mess in the supply closet.

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>